

How I keep from going under, nah mean?
It's wild out here
They wonder why niggas smoke so much weed
Drink so much Henny (How I keep from going under)
It's crazy. Getting crazy, nah mean?

Yo, I'm from where the days are short and the nights are long
And when I'm stressed out, I'll write a song
And analyze the right from wrong, I speak for half a million
That fight like Israelis and Palestinians
You dark enough? Watch the trees you barking up
Dunn, they even locked Sharpton up, now that's some other shit
The government is scandalous and try to cover shit
I'm on some CNB, "keep on, my brother" shit
There's a lot of pain in this grain that we go against
Life's a dirty game, you either play a ho or pimp
We the crack cats switching up the product
And every week or two, another school getting shot up
Little niggas turning killer at an early age
Sending other little niggas to an early grave
They always say that the good die young, specially in the hood I'm from
Feel me

It's like a Jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder
How I keep from going under
How I keep from going under
(Ooh, child things are gonna get easier)
It's like a Jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder
How I keep from going under
How I keep from going under
(Child, things gon' get brighter)
It's like a Jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder
How I keep from going under
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Yo, I don't know where to start, so I will where I am
Sometimes in this world, I don't know where I stand
I'm just trying to make bread and share with the fam
And do what I gotta do take care of my fam, look
One minute yo, getting ready for tour
Next minute yo, out here getting ready for war
The news be giving me the blues like BB King
The thrill is gone, man, this life ain't no easy thing
If it ain't one struggle, it's a-motherfucking-nother
Everyday my sister having beef with mother
Sometimes I say, "Fuck it, Dray, why even bother?"
I'm still trying to work this shit out with my father
My old lady say I stress too much
A lot of shit be on the brain, I don't rest too much
I guess, living in the Jungle got me uptight
Trying to figure out a plan that got me up nights, man

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Yo, biggidi bill collectors, they ring my phone
And scare my wife, when I'm not home (dah)
I swear to God, these times is hard but I ain't giving in
I'm trying to get to Heaven and out this Hell I'm living in
And can't no man stop me, why, it's obvious
They even gon' lock me up or pop me up
We smoke weed and spill Henny
They killed [?], but they ain't gon' kill Timmy

Diggity McVeigh, I giggity gas stay
Was trying to say, "Fuck my people," in direct-ly
I say, "Fuck you," you can get touched too
Cause niggas in the hood, they gon' do what they must do
We hustle, we just trying to get by
Every day, yo, we talk shit and get high
Understand, Life's A Bitch then you die
But real niggas never die, only multiply
Feel me

Sometimes, it's gonna get hard
'Fore it to get easier
Look forward, son
It's gonna get brighter